

## England Recaptures Her Colony

THE Senate of the United States has voted to abandon the American policy of independence and adopt the European policy of alliances.

It voted for an alliance, not with all the nations of the earth like the league of nations, but an exclusive alliance to guarantee the possessions and the indefinable rights of the three aggressive imperialisms of the earth, Britain, France and Japan. They are the same three imperialisms for whose sake we have just sacrificed twenty-six thousand millions of treasure—some of which may some day be returned to us—and a hundred thousand young American lives which can never be returned.

These are the three imperialisms that now refuse to give us a penny of German reparation money to pay the \$241,000,000 cost of our army of occupation which held its hand on Germany's throat while they sucked her blood.

The Senate commits the country to an exclusive alliance designed to protect the aggressions of Japan against our friends, Russia and China.

It is an alliance to prop up the tottering British Empire.

It is an alliance so threatening that TODAY it is driving together, for self-protection, the brains of Germany and the brawn of Russia, those two enfranchised republics gasping for the breath of life.

Against these men the Senate votes that our American boys shall march shoulder to shoulder with the butchers of the Mikado.

The Republican party, thrust into power by an avalanche of seven million votes plurality because it rejected the league of nations—this party betrays the country into an incomparably more perilous alliance of war.

These Senators, with all their high attributes of power, cannot thus bind this free country.

They have voted to send diplomats abroad to confer and plot how best to protect the Pacific interests of Britain and Japan.

When the first conferring diplomats, duped by a Balfour and a Tokogawa, return to call our boys to the standards of the Rising Sun and the cross of St. George, they will return to a people informed and alert, adamant against foreign wiles.

After that first experience, no more American diplomats will be sent to confer on such missions.

The Senate has signed a check we never authorized it to sign. We will stop payment at the bank.

The process of the people's education on this four-power alliance goes forward. These Senators will one day wish to heaven they had observed the gathering storm before embarking in the frail boat of this alliance.

The Senators failed us, opened the gates, let in the foreign foe. Next November and the succeeding Novembers WE pass judgment on them.

### HAVE YOU KINDNESS IN YOUR HEART?

If you are not willing to forget what is due you and think hardest about what you can do for others your Christmas spirit is not the right sort.

When you feel that something is coming to you and that, "by rights," it is the hardest thing in the world to down the resentment when it does not come, think what is your duty to the other fellow. Nevertheless, until we have this self-control, this humility of spirit, we are not in the right mood to be thankful for the mercies of health and loved ones around us. Instead of thinking about the many things you have had in by-gone days and wasting time in vain regrets, cut your cloth according to the material and bestow some little kindness which costs no money—just loving thoughtfulness.

Write a card each to your friends—a new year letter about homey things to those who are a little nearer—a wish for good, which has the ring of true friendship, is better than a silver cup or other expensive present.

Have you kindness in your heart regardless of what has happened to you?

## Juggling the Bonus

THE soldiers' certificate bonus bill has passed the House by a huge majority. Under this bonus bill—or bogus bill, as it was called on the floor—the Government provides no revenues with which to pay the soldiers what it admits is due them.

Instead each soldier would be given a twenty-year Government bond or soldiers' certificate for about \$400. It is provided that he may take this certificate to a bank and borrow half its face value.

The bankers of the country bitterly oppose the bill on the ground that the Government should unload its long-term obligations upon investors, not commercial banks, which would be saddled with over a billion dollars of "frozen" assets.

It has been the general opinion that the President would veto this bill because it did not meet the requirements he specified in a letter to Mr. Fordney a month ago. The President there specified that there must be no bond issue and that there must be no cash bonus without a sales tax.

House leaders insist that this bill meets the President's demands. There are to be no bonds; instead they are called soldiers' certificates. The change in name lets the President accept the bill, they say, without a change in stand.

The House leaders further assert that this is no cash bonus, for the banks are forced to supply the cash instead of the Treasury.

They insist that they would not pass a bill that would be vetoed and thus bring on themselves responsibility for the failure of bonus legislation.

They claim that the Senate will likewise take this soldiers' certificate bonus bill or something representing a very slight modification of it.

Senate leaders close to the Administration confirm this view. They claim the sales tax is politically impossible at the moment.

The truth is that the President by the full exercise of his power might have insisted upon a bonus with sales tax. This, however, would have alienated the agricultural bloc in both House and Senate, and the President has enough trouble already.

So the Republican machine has taken the "easiest way," having the banks provide the soldiers with money now and having the Government find the revenues somehow, some time, later, in three or twenty years.

It is a rare piece of political opportunism and devious finance.

### The Topsy-Turvy Life.

HERE is important scientific news: Goo-gu, the human pendulum, a clownish acrobat from the wilds of Czechoslovakia or Timbuctoo or some such place, became seasick on his trip across the ocean. He went on deck and hung himself by his toes upon a horizontal bar, swinging to and fro with the motion of the ship. His seasickness vanished.

This knowledge will come as a boon to the thousands who would love to cross the ocean were it not for the fear of mal-de-mer. If it should turn out to be true every ship will be equipped with long rows of horizontal bars upon which the passengers can swing by their toes. The ladies will, of course, have to wear bloomers.

Who knows how much could be accomplished in the future if the whole human race went through life standing on their heads? Many a statesman and reformer has tried it and got away with it.

## WHEN "ECONOMY" GRIPS THE PROFITEERS

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## THEY'RE HUMAN

BY William Atherton Du Puy

John Agee is "the man with the whistle" with Ringling Brothers' circus—the man who signals the changes in the giddy whirl of the performance.

He told me an interesting thing the other day—a sentimental thing in the lives of the hardy nomads that go to make up the personnel of these entertainers of the multitude.

Whenever the circus, in its wanderings, reaches a town in which any individual who has been a part of it has died and been buried the circus band steals away from the clamorous crowds, gets over to the cemetery where the dead comrade is buried and there plays quite solemnly over his last resting place.

She was a trim little business woman and she stood there bravely at the cashier's wicket to pay the monthly installment on her piano. She gossiped in a friendly way about her confidence in getting it paid for before she wore it out, and maybe she would get a raise some day.

A quietly elegant lady stood near and overheard. After the installment payer was gone she inquired about her, learned that she was a working girl who so loved music that she was buying a piano out of her small savings.

The quiet lady asked how much she owed and was given the amount—\$90. She wrote a check for the amount, under pledge that her identity would not be disclosed, and signed to it a name very familiar to you and to me—a name I would not tell you for all the world, for doing so would spoil a fair deal.

Congressman Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, who used to be a Senator, who retired, who was bored by business, and who came back to the House last election, is one of the greatest students in Congress. It is because of his exhaustive information on European conditions that he was recently appointed by the President as a member of the commission that is to handle the funding of the national debt.

Early in the war matters were grave and men in authority talked long and earnestly over the trying situations that arose. Reporters were prone to wait outside the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate for news of what happened within. Those waits often prolonged themselves far into the evening. And when they were over a Senator might be asked what was under consideration that had held them so late. The answer was likely to be that Senator Burton had been lecturing to them on the moves of the war, had been giving them the background of its every development. (Copyright, 1922.)

## HOW COULD I KNOW?

By ANGELA MORGAN.

HOW could I know that this, which meant to me My going forth into Infinity, Flesh left behind and selfishness forgot, Love but the shining sea where sin is not, Life but an ocean luminous and vast, In which our separate spirits merged at last.

How could I know that love, which meant to me Beauty and light and sheer divinity, Should mean the doom of your aspiring soul. The flood that swept your being from its goal: That like a strong-armed swimmer you would take

The cruel course, for love and duty's sake; Nor looking back across the enchanting sea Would strike your path alone, away from me! (Copyright by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

It is easy to play Hamlet, but it is the hardest job in the world to be funny—Charlie Chaplin.

## THE FAIREST SEX

By "BUGS" BAER.

BAD news from Paris. Nope. France isn't paying us for more war debts. Worse than that.

FRENCH aren't going to stake us to another twin Statue of Liberty. One's enough. But it's worse than that.

FRANCE has been our sister Republic so long that their male citizens are starting to act like sisters.

BOYS pulled their 1922 fashions show over there with rough male mannequins and Boy Scout models. Styles this season will be corsets for stevedores. Crepe de chine B. V. Ds. for motormen. Red velvet trousers for stevedores. Lip sticks and powder puffs for burglars and vanity cases for street cleaners.

WASP waists for municipal employees and form-fitting clothes for plumbers. Pretty soon you will hear of man being thrown out of his lodge for smoking cigars.

NO doubt that we are getting more effeminate every day. In about ten years only individual in U. S. who looks like man will be bearded lady in Barnum's.

WE don't want to know what our men are coming to.

WHAT we want to know is where they have gone.

MAYBE it's laws that are doing it. Limit lion's diet to birdseed and eventually he will turn like canary. Force man to live on ice cream and ginger ale and he will start to talk sweet and low.

WHERE is old-fashioned man who wore his trousers inside his boots and sang bass at Odd Fellows' Hall?

HE'S gone from haunts of civilization like bison and passenger pigeon. His place is filled by his son, who smokes cigarettes, dances and wears cloth-top shoes.

BOYS, we're getting weaker and weaker.

WON'T be long before we spend our afternoons on porches knitting and telling secrets.

AND when we take our girls for promenades, they will walk on gutter side.

Our Coal and Water.

A new French estimate of the world's waterpower resources credits the United States with 30,000,000 available horsepower, Canada with 25,000,000, Austria-Hungary with 8,750,000, Italy and Spain with 5,000,000 each.

## Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

(Copyright, 1922.)

By K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.—I have a friend who has an office in one of the downtown office buildings, and all winter he has been feeding the doves that come to his window every morning and afternoon. Last Sunday I met him coming out of the office building and said to him: "Business must be very good when you have to work on Sunday." "I wasn't working," he answered. "I had to come down to feed the birds."

What do you make of a nut like that?

FRANK WATSON.

P. S.—His name's Teddy.

MY DEAR Frank.

HE'S A rarity.

THIS FRIEND of yours.

BUT NOT for the reason.

HE FEEDS the doves.

THAT COME each day.

TO HIS office window.

FOR THIS little old world.

IS FULL of folk.

WHO AMUSE themselves.

BY FEEDING doves.

THAT COME their way.

I'VE DONE it myself.

AND ENJOYED myself.

AND HAVE gone my way.

QUITE SATISFIED.

AND WITH never a thought.

OF ANYTHING else.

BUT JUST myself.

AND THERE it is.

THAT TEDDY differs.

FROM THE common run.

FOR IT'S evident.

HE GIVES a thought.

TO THE doves themselves.

OR HE wouldn't come down.

ON HIS Sunday off.

TO FEED the doves.

HE'D STAY at home.

AND FORGET the doves.

AND BE just the same.

AS YOU and I.

WHO DROP a dime.

IN A blind man's hat.

HELD UP to us.

BUT BY no chance.

WOULD EITHER of us.

GO ACROSS a street.

TO DROP the dime.

AND TEDDY would.

AND SO I'll say.

THAT HE'S a nut.

BECAUSE HE'S different.

FROM THE most of us.

AS ALL nuts are.

I THANK you.

SOURCE OF IVORY

Most of the ivory we use is obtained by digging, and not by shooting.

Elephants have their own code of customs.

One of these is that no member of the herd must die amongst his fellows. When an old elephant feels that his course is run, he separates himself from the herd and makes for its graveyard—for each herd has a burial ground of its own.

This is always a swampy tract of land overgrown with trees and rank vegetation. Here he dies, and his great body buries itself by its own huge weight in the soft soil.

Many of these elephant graveyards are known to the African natives, who make journeys to them each year for the purpose of digging out the ivory tusks. Few white men have ever seen one, for the natives keep their whereabouts a close secret, knowing that an elephant graveyard is as valuable as a gold mine.

## What Doctors Say

THE Journal of the American Medical Association asks 53,900 doctors, not quite half the doctors in America, what they think about whiskey, wine and beer in the treatment of disease.

A little more than half said that whiskey was necessary. A majority of the doctors decided against the value of beer and wine in disease.

In Europe, 90 per cent of the doctors would tell you that whiskey is a rank poison, beer and wine, in moderation, a natural part of diet. The French government encourages the drinking of wine. Committees are appointed for that purpose. The natives of France have been drinking wine for more than two thousand years; they think it doesn't hurt them.

In this country, except among foreigners, wine has played no important part. Beer undoubtedly helped to cut down drunkenness, as Thomas Jefferson said it would do.

The country now having gone back on the basis of bootleg whiskey and ice water, reliable statistics will soon be available.

The very latest in the way of statistics tells of two bartenders in Hoboken, N. J., living one block apart, both taken to St. Mary's Hospital at the same time. They were blind when they got there, they died soon after.

Modern "whiskey" did it.

## Are There Men with Tails?

SAMUEL HUBBARD, of Oakland, Cal., read in the San Francisco Examiner about a Kaffir savage "with horns like those of a springbok" to be taken to London and exhibited. He now writes of native with tails in the Philippine Islands. His letter will interest those that would like to know how we started on this earth. Mr. Hubbard says:

I did not believe there was any direct relationship between man and the lower animals. But "Old Dame Nature" has a way at times of upsetting our theories and guesses and thereby teaches us humility: So listen to this:

A man by the name of Barton blew in from the Orient, claiming that he was a great Asiatic traveler. He tried to interest some of my friends to send him back to Asia with a motion picture outfit to photograph a race of people he claimed had been discovered by him. This tribe, according to his account, numbered about 4,000 souls. They had tails growing from the end of the spine, which were from six to eight inches long. They were under slight muscular control and could be moved sideways a little. These people had long protruding upper teeth which hung over the lower lip, and they had pointed ears similar to those the Greeks put on their sculptured fauns and satyrs. He refused to divulge the spot in Asia where they were, but showed a photograph of a man answering this general description.

The photograph looked convincing, but I was very skeptical. In talking the matter over with my friend, Gerville Mott, who had just returned from Manila, he showed me a similar photograph which he had purchased from an official photographer in Manila. The picture was of an adult nude man with a distinct tail about six inches long, standing out at right angles to the spine. The long, protruding teeth were as described above. The pointed ears were not so obvious, as they were concealed by the hair. The two photos might be of the same individual, but in a slightly different position.

Mott's information is that there is such a race of people living in the northern part of the Island of Luzon; that there are about 1,200 to 1,400 of them. The subject is "taboo," as the Filipinos resent the implication that they are descended from a race of monkeys. The United States Government supports them in this attitude and will not allow photographs to be sent out of the islands. There is a disposition to isolate these people and bring about their extermination as soon as possible.

I feel certain that some record concerning these people can be found in the Department of the Philippines at Washington. In my opinion, the scientific interest involved far transcends any wound to the susceptibilities of the half-civilized Malays who inhabit the Philippine Islands.

The authorities at the Smithsonian Institution will be asked about Mr. Hubbard's interesting suggestion. Those that believe in the Darwinian theory will show you, on any skeleton, that each one possesses a little curved bone, called the os coccyx, last bone at the bottom of the spine. Scientists tell you that little bone alone remains of the tail that your ancestors had to scare away flies, and perhaps help steer them, as they jumped from one tree to another.

That such a race with tails now actually exists would seem most doubtful. Occasionally, through a "reversion" to a much earlier type, you find creatures half human, resembling what may have been their primitive form. Children have been born with open gills on the neck, like a fish. Darwin says our ears were once gills.

We have much information to get as to how we started and especially WHY we started. Religions no longer teach the creation of man as he is today only six thousand years ago. It is decided that the texts were incorrectly translated as regards the number of years. Skeletons of men have been found that are known to be more than fifty thousand years old, and very primitive skeletons looking more like gorillas than men of this date with huge teeth and jaws, and foreheads not half an inch high. All this enlightens human beings and inspires greater admiration for the wisdom that created the race and protects it as it slowly develops.

It would, of course, take just as great power and infinitely greater wisdom to do it all as scientists say it has been done than it would merely to create something by saying the word.